

A MERRIE
DIALOGVE,

Betweene
BAND, CUFFE, and
RUFFE:

Done by an excellent
WIT,

And
Lately acted in a shew in the famous
Vniversitie of CAM-
BRIDGE.



LONDON,
Printed by *William Stansby* for *Miles Partrich*,
and are to be sold at his shop in Fleet-
street, neare vnto Chancerie-
lane. 1615.



A
Merrie Dialogue
betvveene
BAND, CVFFE, and
RVFFE.

ACTORS.
Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe.

Enter BAND and CVFFE.

Band.

Cuffe.

Band.

Cuffe.



VFFE, where art thou?

Here at hand.

Where is this *Cuffe*?

Almost at your Elbow.

A 3

Enter

A dissention betweene

ENTER RUFFE.

OH *Band*, art thou there? I thought thou haddest beene worne out of date by this time, or shrunke in the wetting at least.

Band. What? doe you thinke I am afraid of your great words? no, you shall know that there be men of fashion in place, as well as your selfe.

Cusse. Good *Band*, doe not fret so.

Band. A scurvie shag-ragge Gentleman, new come out of the North, a Punie, a Freshman, come vp hither to learne fashions and seeke to expell me?

Cusse. Nay: if you bee so broad with him, *Band*, we shall haue a fray presently.

Ruffe. Sir, Ile pull downe your *Choller* from you. He iustles *B.* and *C.* staies him.

Cusse. It was fit time for mee to stay you vp, for I am sure you were a falling *Band*.

Ruffe. Well, *Band*, for all you are so stiffe, Ile make you limber enough before I haue done with you.

Band. No, *Hodge Peake*, its more then you can doe.

Ruffe. Sfoot, let mee come to him: well, *Band*, let mee catch you in another place, and I will make cut-worke of you.

Band. Ther's ne're a *Spanish Ruffe* of you all can doe it.

Cusse.

Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe.

Cuffe. Sfoot, if these two should goe together by the cares and hurt one another, *Ruffe* would be in a fine plight: would he not?

Ruffe. Well, *Band*, looke to thy selfe, for if I meet thee, I will lace thee roundly.

Band. Lace me? thou wouldst bee laced thy selfe, *Ruffe*, for this is the very truth, thou art a plaine Knaue.

Cuffe. If they talke of lacing, I were best looke about my selfe.

Ruffe. Darest thou meet me in the field?

Band. In the field? why? thou art but an effeminate fellow, *Ruffe*; for all thou art so well set: but at what weapon?

Ruffe. Nay, I will giue thee that aduantage, bring thou what weapons thou wilt, I scorne to make any thing of thee, *Band*, but needle worke.

Band. Sfoot, thou shalt know, a Gentleman and a Souldier scornes thy proffer.

Ruffe. A Souldier?

Cuffe. Did you not heare of the great *Bands* went ouer of late?

Ruffe. Where did you serue? in the Lowe Countries?

Cuffe. It may be so, for I am sure he is a *Holland Band*.

Band. Where I haue serued, it is no matter, but I am sure I haue beene pressed oft.

Cuffe. Truely, his Landresse will beare him witnesse thereof.

Ruffe.

A dissention betweene

Ruffe. Presse mee no pressings, Ile make you know that *Ruffe* is steeled to the back, if I had my stick here, you should feele it.

Band. Nay bragger, it is not your great words can carrie it away so; giue *Band* but a hemme, and he will bee for you at any time, name the place, the time and houre of our meeting.

Ruffe. The place, the Paper mills, where I will teare thee into rags, before I haue done with thee: the time, to morrow in the after-noon about one: but doe you heare? wee will fight single, you shall not be double, *Band.*

Cusse. Now I percciue, the *Spaniard* and the *Hollander* will to it roundly.

Ruffe. But doe you heare? once more doe not say at our next meeting you forgot the time.

Cusse. No, I dare warrant you, there is no man more carefull of the time then he: for I am sure hee hath alwaies at the least a dozen Clocks about him.

Ruffe. Farewell then.

Band. Then farewell.

Cusse. Nay, you shall not part so, you will goe into the fields, and know not what fighting means: a couple of white liuered fellows, your Landresse will make you both as white as a clout it shee list; If you lack beating, shee'l beat you Ile warrant you, shee'l so clap your sides together, that they shall bee beaten out in once or twice

Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe.

twice hādling; why? I haue known her leaue her marke behinde her a whole weeke after, sheell quickly beate you Blacke and Blew, for I am sure shee'll scarce wash white before shee starch.

Band. Well, remember the time and place,
Ruffe.

Cuffe. Well, remember your selues and Misteris *Stichwell*, one to whom you haue beene both beholding in your dayes.

Band. Who? Misteris *Stichwell*, by this light I know her not.

Cuffe. No, nor you neither,

Ruffe. Nor I, I sweare by all the Gumme and Blew-starch in Christendome.

Cuffe. I thought so, why its the *Semster*, one that both you had beene vndone had it not beene for her, but what talke you of vndoing? I say Misteris *Stichwell* the *Semster* was the very maker of you both, yet thus little doe you regard her, but it is the common custome of you all, when you come to bee so great as you are, you forget from what house you come.

Ruffe. Stooore *Ruffe* careth not a pinne for her.

Band. Nor *Bind* a button.

Cuffe. Well *Band* and *Ruffe*, you were best both of you to take heede of her, you knowe shee set you both in the Stocks once before, and if shee catch you againe, it is a hundreth to

B

one

A dissention betweene

one, if she hang you not both vp, for she hath got hirings already.

Ruffe. Meet me, if thou darest?

Band. The place the Paper-mills, the hower to morrow at one.

Cuffe. Since you will goe, goe; but heare me, if you goe, looke at me well; as little a fellow as I am, I will come and *Cuffe* you both out of the fields; if I doe not, say, *Cuffe* is no man of his hands.

Ruffe. Alas poore shrimpe, thou art nothing in my hands.

Cuffe. If you goe, you shall neuer say that *Cuffe* came of a sleeuelesse errand, Ile binde your hands (I warrant you) for striking.

Band. Say and hold.

Ruffe. Remember the Paper-mills.

Cuffe. And you bee so chollericke, Ile euen pinne you both in, as soone as I come home: can you not decide the quarrell betweene your selues without a field? I had thought you had bene a little more milde, *Ruffe.* You were a horrible *Puritane* the other day, a very precise *Ruffe.*

Ruffe. Hang him, base Rascall: would hee not make any man mad, to see such a—— I durst not scarce peep out before Collier came to Towne, now to swagger thus.

Cuffe. Come, you shall be friends, *Band.*

Band.

Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe.

Band. Friends with him? such a base Rascall? he is a very threed-bare fellow, I scorne, but my man *Coller* should goe as well as hee euery day in the weeke, and be friends with him.

Ruffe. Thy man *Coller*? thy Master, thou wouldest haue said, I am sure hee is thy vp-holder.

Cuffe. Nay, surely he is his Master, at least his Maker: for *Bands*, make rags; Rags make Paper; Paper makes Past-board; and Past-board makes *Collar*; and I thinke that this is a stiffe argument that he is his Master.

Ruffe. Well, be he what he will, if I catch his *Collar*, Ile cut him in iags, let mee but claspe him, and Ile make him for stirring.

Cuffe. But you shall not fight: haue you not Friends & Neighbours enough to end this controuersie, but you must goe into the fields, and there cut the threed of your liues? wee'l haue none of that, come choose you an Vmpire, *Band*, for it shall be so.

Band. Since you will force me to it, if *Ruffe* be content, I am willing.

Cuffe. *Ruffe*, you shall be content.

Ruffe. If I shall then, I must, let him name him.

Band. If I may choose, Ile haue Master *Handkerchiefe*.

Cuffe. Nay, stay there, he is a most filthy Sniveling.

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veling fellow, and he will wipe your Nose of all, if you put the case to him, but what say you to *Shirt*?

Ruffe. He is a shifting knave, and one, to whom *Band*, a little before hath bene much beholding, they were ioyned a long time together in friendship.

Cuffe. Why, then goe to Master *Cap*, the head-man of the Towne.

Band. No, I denie that, he is a very bad Iustice, you may haue him wrought on any side for monie.

Ruffe. Ile tell you what, then wee will goe to my Lord *Corpus* himselfe.

Band. He is not in Towne.

Ruffe. He is, for I saw *Sock*, his chiefe Footman in Towne.

Cuffe. Heer's a-doe with you, and my Lord *Corpus*, indeede I would you were both hanged about his neck for me, but I see, this strife will neuer be ended, till I bee Arbitrator my selfe, you know, I am equally allied to you both: shall I be Moderator betweene you?

Band and Ruffe. Content.

Cuffe. Well then, *Ruffe* shall bee most accounted of amongst the Clergie, for he is the graue Fellow (although I know, the *Puritans* will not greatly care for him, he hath such a deale of setting, and they loue standing very well.) As for you,

Band, Cuffe, and Ruffe.

you, *Band*, you shall bee most made of amongst the young Gal ants, although sometimes they shall vse *Ruffe*, for a fashion, but not otherwise; how ever, you neede not regard the giddie headed multitude, let them doe as they list, sometimes respecting one, sometimes the other: but when you come to the Counsaillor, and men of Law, which know right from wrong, acknowledging Master Worths to bee equall, they shall preferre neither, but vse the kindnesse of you both, wearing both a *Band* and a *Ruffe*; how say you, are you both content?

Band and Ruffe. We are.

Cuffe. Then goe before me to the next town, and Ile follow after with a *Band* of your friendship drawne, which I hope, these Gentlemen will seale with their hands. *Exeunt Band and Ruffe.*

Cuffe. Claw me, and Ile claw thee, the prouerb goes,
Let it be true in that our Muse here shoes,
Cuffe graceth hand, *Cuffes* debtors hands remaine,
Let hands clap me, and Ile *Cuffe* them againe.

FINIS.

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